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R. R. DONNELLEY

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A MEMORIAL
OF
R. R. DONNELLEY

BY
THE CHICAGO TYPOTHETÆ
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CHICAGO
THE CHICAGO TYPOTHETÆ

1899

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BORN NOVEMBER 15, 1836

DIED APRIL 8, 1899

*At a Regular Meeting of the Chicago
Typothetæ, held on the evening of May 4, 1899,
the following Report and Minute, prepared by a
Special Committee, was received and unanimously
ordered printed.*

*W. F. HALL,
Secretary.*

*THOMAS KNAPP,
President.*



R. R. DONNELLEY

SINCE our last meeting, one of our oldest and most honored members, Mr. Richard Robert Donnelley, has passed into the Higher Life. In the records alike of the Chicago Typothetæ and of the United Typothetæ of America, no name occurs more frequently than his, nor in connections more significant and important. No one had a wider acquaintance and friendship with the representative men of our craft in America, and perhaps no one in our local organization was personally and intimately known to so many of its members and their employees.

We desire to put on record a brief synopsis of his life, our estimate of his career and character, an expression of our sympathy with those who loved him best and mourn him most, and the sense of bereavement which comes afresh to us, his brethren, as this hour of formal memorial stirs anew the memories of our long companionship and of his useful, happy life.

Mr. Donnelley was born at Hamilton, Canada, November 15, 1836, of an English and Irish ancestry which has record of honorable distinction and eminent public service as far back as the times of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell. At the early age of thirteen years the lad's restless and adventurous spirit took him from school into a printing-office, where he began to study and practice the rudiments of the business of which, in all its branches, he was to become in a few years so conspicuous a master. At sixteen he was receiving journeyman's wages for night and morning work while he pursued a two years' course in the High school. Upon the completion of this course, while only eighteen, he was tendered and accepted the foremanship of the office in which he had served his time. Shortly thereafter he became partner in a job-office. In 1857, when only twenty-one years of age, he accepted an advantageous offer, and removed to New Orleans. The outbreak of the war sent him North, and in 1861, after a short visit to Chicago, he returned to his native city and again became partner in a printing-office. In 1863 occurred his marriage. In 1864 Mr. Church and Mr. Goodman, seeking a practical partner, heard of

Mr. Donnelley. Says Mr. Goodman: "Careful inquiry showed that he was a man of excellent character and greatly skilled in printing." Hence followed the removal to Chicago, the partnership of Church, Goodman & Donnelley, to be followed in 1870 by the Lakeside Publishing and Printing Company, with Mr. Donnelley as its manager. The great fire of 1871 destroyed the nearly completed building of this company (as also the home of its manager), and practically annihilated its business. With nothing left but his credit, Mr. Donnelley at once secured a plant and started a business on his own account. Soon thereafter the Lakeside Publishing and Printing Company was revived and reorganized, with Mr. Donnelley again its manager. Subsequently this Company was merged into Donnelley, Loyd & Company, for a time Donnelley, Gassette & Loyd, and finally the well-known R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company.

In 1874 Mr. Donnelley undertook the publication of the Chicago Directory, with which for the remainder of his life he was so successfully identified.

This, in briefest outline, is a sketch of our brother's business career. It covers a full half-

century of manly, vigorous, heroic endeavor and advance, from the apprenticeship in the crude establishment of the provincial town to the control of a prominent metropolitan industry. In the completeness and excellence of the equipment of this establishment, in the dignity and appropriateness of the noble edifice in which it is installed, and, more than all, in the crowning blessing of sons so informed and inspired with the spirit and so trained in the methods of such a master and such a father as to worthily succeed him — were at last realized to the full the dreams and hopes, the aspirations and rewards, of this brave and noble life. He had his full share of reverses and discouragements, but these only emphasize the final triumph, so close upon the achievement of which were spoken those last words of his, so appropriate, so memorable, so significant, so characteristic: "This is the end. Do not worry."

Mr. Donnelley was distinguished for his executive power, technical knowledge, high and imperative standards, a progressive spirit, tireless energy, unfailing devotion to duty, and high ideals of business honor. He had a keen appreciation of the dignity of his profession. He recognized the importance of its relation not

only to all commercial enterprise, but to literature and education. Probably no other calling had for him any allurements. He was proud to be what in its broadest sense he was, a "master" printer. There was an element of the true artist spirit in his devotion. His business was to him not merely a means to a livelihood and a competence, but an art which inspired enthusiasm and devotion. The endeavor was not merely to satisfy the customer, but to satisfy himself. "Art for art's sake" had a large place in his thought and effort. He was ambitious not merely for financial success, but for professional reputation, and the latter not alone for the sake of the former. To establish standards of artistic merit and ever to advance them; to hold close to the inexorable canons of good taste in typographic expression, regardless of popular fallacies and fads and meretricious effects; to secure in his productions not simply mechanical exactness, but esthetic satisfactions — to these ends did he give tireless devotion; and how gladly do his brethren of the craft award him generous meed of praise!

It is fitting, in recording our estimate of one departed, that we thus make mention of the material and professional successes achieved; and

yet, when we mourn a friend and brother, and would express our love for him and our appreciation of his life, it is not to these successes that the heart instinctively turns. What soul was in the man; what he was in the sacred precincts of the home; what he was in the sacred bonds of friendship and in all civic and social relations; if a man has so lived that those who knew him are his friends—these memories are what such friends dwell upon, and these are the memories of Richard Robert Donnelley which evoke our admiration and our tears.

In personal character he was above reproach. Faithful in friendships, of unswerving integrity, pure in heart and life; a pleasant companion, a wise and generous counselor, a gentleman in heart, instinct, and manner; tenderly susceptible to friendly interest, generous, warm-hearted, manly, sympathetic; unassuming yet always ready to meet any responsibility which might seem to devolve upon him; keenly alive to all proper enjoyments of life, a most tender and loving husband and father—was he not all of these in a measure that would make this world a better and happier world if there were more like him? It has been most appropriately and truthfully said of

Mr. Donnelley: "No one ever heard him speak an ill word of any one; no one ever heard any one speak an ill word of him." Those who knew him best loved him best; and perhaps no tribute more fragrant or significant than this can be laid upon the bier of a friend.

To the widow, sitting alone in her grief, to the daughter and the sons whose loving comrade he was, we, his close friends, we, his comrades in the craft which was his pride, would send this testimony of our love, to tell of our sympathy with their sorrow and of our appreciation of the qualities that endeared him to them and to us.

After the reading of the report, Mr. P. F. Pettibone, Chairman of the Special Committee, said:

It is my sad privilege to move the adoption of this memorial record. In doing so, I cannot and need not add anything to the expressions of love and sorrow and sympathy which the committee has embodied in its report. My friendship for Mr. Donnelley has been a long one, and has grown with the later years of our more intimate acquaintance. Nothing has ever occurred to lessen my regard for him. He was always generous and helpful to those of the craft who lacked his practical experience. I shall always be glad that on the afternoon of the day of his death I had a half-hour of most pleasant converse with him. He never seemed more buoyant. He was happy all through, and so winning and entertaining in his talk that I was reluctant to say good-by. I thank God that with a heart full of good will I spoke that last good-by.

MR. J. W. BUTLER :

I fully indorse the paper just read by Mr. P. F. Pettibone on the life and character of the late Mr. R. R. Donnelley. My acquaintance with Mr. Donnelley extends back to the time when he first came to Chicago to make this city his future home ; hence I could say a great many good things about his character and life, but the paper referred to covers the ground quite efficiently.

I will say, however, that I have always admired him for his business energy, his social qualities, his unselfish disposition. I have had such confidence in his opinion that I have frequently sought his advice when I have had difficult business or social problems to solve.

His exemplary character and life may well be emulated by others who are assuming the active duties of life. We shall all miss him.

MR. ANDREW McNALLY :

For many years Mr. Donnelley was to me a loved and respected friend. When we only respect a friend, we refer to him as Mister. When we both love and respect him, we are apt to be

more familiar; and so he always was to me "Dick" Donnelley. He and I were for many years companions, chums. He was a good fellow, had a hearty laugh, a smiling face, and a pleasant word, which made his presence welcome everywhere. At our Typothetæ banquets none was merrier; but, as you all know, nothing passed his lips stronger than mineral water. His will power, goodness of heart, and affectionate nature are illustrated by his statement to me: "My good wife does not like me to drink liquor of any kind, and I will not."

The news of Mr. Donnelley's death came to me in an abrupt manner. His son Ted, as I like to call him, telegraphed me at Pasadena. Early the next morning I was called to the telephone in my house and the operator read the message. I had been expecting Mr. Donnelley in California about that time, and the news of his death was a startling and painful shock.

He and I frequently conferred with each other on matters of business, almost as freely and unservedly as with our own business associates. I know how proud and grateful he was when his business was successfully installed in the beautiful fire-proof building which he owned; and the

consciousness that he would leave to his children such a splendid monument of his business ability and industry must have been a pleasant thought during the closing years of his life.

No member of the Typothetæ will be missed more than Mr. Donnelley, none whose memory will be more revered. He was loved for his affability and good-nature, respected for his integrity, and honored for his industry and business ability.

MR. GEORGE E. COLE :

Brother Pettibone's reading of the Committee's report has brought vividly before my mind an episode in our friend's career which I feel compelled to mention at this time.

The first duty that devolved on me as president of the Municipal Voters' League was to select an executive committee of nine members. They were to cover all sections of the city, all grades of political opinion and social standing; but above all, they must be honest and fearless men, who could stand criticism.

In this connection I thought of R. R. Donnelley. I went up to his house one stormy Sunday afternoon and laid the matter before him.

His first impulse was to decline. He naturally shrank from the added work and responsibility; but when I put it before him as a duty that he owed to the community, he consented. From that day to the time when he was called to the Higher Life he was an enthusiastic worker for municipal reform. I learned to love and esteem him as a patriotic citizen. His devotion and unselfishness were an inspiration to all his associates. No man in our community came nearer being the ideal citizen than the friend whom we all mourn to-night. I fully believe that to him has been given the benediction, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

MR. AMOS PETTIBONE:

Nothing need be added to what has already been said to express our appreciation of the many sterling qualities of our friend, or the warm place he occupies in the heart of every one with whom he came in contact, or whose pleasure and privilege it was to enjoy his friendship and confidence. My only desire is simply to express my personal tribute of appreciation of his loyalty to every principle and duty that engaged his attention, or with which he consented to accept or perform service.

I wish to speak of his work as a member of the Executive Committee of the Municipal Voters' League, in this city, to which he devoted a large portion of the last days of his life. Being myself an interested party as a candidate during the recent political campaign, I was thrown into frequent, intimate, confidential relations with him. Only a few days prior to the election, he received some important information personal to myself, and of such a nature that he deemed necessary it be communicated correctly and immediately to me. Notwithstanding the fact that it would involve a journey of eighteen or twenty miles, he at once called a carriage, and in due season reached my home, about nine o'clock, on a cold, stormy Sunday evening, explaining to me in full detail the occasion which brought him out on such a cheerless night.

I can never forget this my last visit from and interview with him, as one so characteristic of his every thought and act. Its recollections will ever remain with me as an inspiration to higher and nobler thoughts, as I cherish the belief that a warmer, truer, nobler heart never beat within a human breast.

MR. B. B. HERBERT:

On Wednesday evening before the last monthly meeting of this association, Mr. R. R. Donnelley was at the Union Station in this city awaiting the arrival of friends from Winnipeg, while I was there to take a train for Portland, Oregon. We were both early, and had an hour or so to wait. Mr. Donnelley was rejoicing in the prosperity of business, and in the success which his establishment had attained in the last ten years. He spoke of the business difficulties that had overtaken him just previous to that time, of the aid of a timely loan from a friend, and of the struggle that had brought success. On that night his company had not only their own large plant, in their splendidly appointed new building, busy, but thirty-two presses outside running on the overflow of work from their establishment.

Conversation turned to the Typothetæ, and to the work of the committee on which he and I were then associated with others, in the effort to inaugurate a better understanding among employing printers, and the establishing of plans for securing just and remunerative prices for work. He spoke of a social engagement that really

demanding his attendance the coming night, but said he would put this aside, as he felt his first and highest duty was to the Typothetæ, to the members of this calling which we all know he so loved. He expressed regrets that business took me away from the meeting. There were other words of his showing kindly interest in the work in which I had been engaged for several years past. He manifested a genuine solicitude in its success as serviceable to the calling. He was happy, hopeful, seemingly in the best of health, and talked with the earnestness, feeling, and interest which he ever manifested. A little before 10:45 o'clock we bade each other good-by. I started on my journey across the continent; he turned away to meet his friends expected on an incoming train. He was the last man with whom I shook hands before my departure, and it was with a feeling that he was more vigorous and had a better prospect for many years of life and success than myself that I left him.

On Monday morning I reached Portland. On Saturday night Mr. Donnelley had completed his life's journey. When the news reached me, simply in the words, "Mr. Donnelley is dead," I could not believe that it was R. R. Donnelley,

the pressure of whose hand seemed still warm in mine. When the news was confirmed and I knew the truth, it came with a great shock: more so, perhaps, than would have been the case had I been at home in this city. It did not seem possible. I could only think of him as I had left him—smiling, genial, following me to the car with kind wishes, and then turning with a joyous spring in his step, life and vigor in every motion, to hurry to the welcome of his “Canadian cousins,” as he spoke of them.

I had not been privileged to share that closeness of association and friendship enjoyed by many of you, my business calling me so frequently from the city that I sometimes feel like a stranger at home. Mr. Donnelley was kind to strangers as well as to friends, open and confidential with all. His death comes to us as a terrible shock and an irreparable loss. Yet there is room for consolation. Mr. Donnelley was more fully revealed to me on the night of that last conversation than at any other time. He had experienced hardships, losses, and disasters; but, as eloquently described here to-night, he had won in life's battle. He died a victor. He had attained to his life's ambition of establishing a

great printing house. As a printer, above all other things, he was proud to be known. While in sorrow, we yet rejoice that he was permitted to live to conquer the difficulties that had at one time overtaken him, and to die surrounded with naught but bright prospects for the future. We will remember him as a genial friend, ever ready with kind words and deeds, whose life went out beneath no shadow of failure, but crowned with well-earned, honorable, merited success.



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